

ACES HIGH



NO. 1
APRIL

10¢



10¢

Introducing a
"NEW DIRECTION"
IN MAGAZINES...

AN ENTIRELY NOVEL
AND UNIQUE KIND OF
READING EXPERIENCE!





PROP WASH

This magazine, ACES HIGH, is the fourth of E.C.'s "New Direction" publications. It is a magazine that you, the readers, requested . . . yes, even demanded. The popularity of the World War I airplane yarns that had appeared from time to time in "Two-Fisted Tales" and "Frontline Combat", along with the hundreds upon hundreds of letters we've received requesting more of the same, convinced us that a book devoted exclusively to Air Stories would be well received by our many fans.

In "Aces High", we will fly once more in the fabric and wood craft that opened the door to modern aerial warfare. But we will see the difference between then and now, when it was the man at the controls who was the fighter, not the machine. We will ride beside World War I aces, both fictional and non-fictional, who climbed into the clouds each day to do battle under a code of ethics and a sense of fair play and combat chivalry that has long disappeared from the skies. We will scream earthward in flaming Fokkers, Spads, Albatrosses and De Havillands. We will dogfight with Sopwith Camels and Niuports. And, most important of all, we will learn to know and love and respect the men, both Allied and Enemy, who flew them. And we will do it all in the cherished tradition of E.C.

When our old "New Trend" magazines first appeared on the newsstands throughout the country back in late '49 and early '50, their popularity was immediately acclaimed. Sales zoomed. We at E.C. had struck at the hearts of the Comic reading public. But the question was: How? Success is a strange phenomenon. There is no formula. What is a fad today is passé tomorrow. What had E.C. done to merit the marvelous support you, our readers, gave us and continued to give us?

The answer, to our way of thinking, was that we respected you, our public! We respected your tastes, your judgment, your standards, and, above all, your intelligence. We tried something new in comics. We used only the best art work available. We used the clearest lettering. And, most important, we wrote what we felt were stories worthy of being read. We plotted carefully. We developed the "Caption-Balloon" method of narration. And, because we ourselves had always liked it, we tried, wherever possible, to include a "surprise" or "snap" ending to each story.

The end products were magazines that entertained you. We know you liked them because you bought them, month after month, year after year, continually giving E.C. the highest percentage sales in Independent Distribution.

Even as time went on, and the subject matter of some of our old "New Trend" magazines became a topic of debate, criticism, and censure, the quality-standards we had set in the beginning were diligently adhered to.

Now, many of our old "New Trend" magazines are dead, voluntarily buried by William Gaines, their publisher, in response to public opinion.

But it was not the standards of entertainment we'd set in those magazines that were buried . . . merely the subject matter! The tradition of giving you the very best art work and the very best stories humanly possible will be continued in our "New Direction" magazines.

And so, in "Aces High" you will find that tradition. We hope you will receive our efforts as you have in the past.

As is also a tradition at E.C., we, the Editors, for this first issue, have taken over what in future issues will be *your* space . . . *your* letter page in "Aces High". Write us and tell us what you think. Perhaps some of you might want World War II air stories of B-17's, Liberators, Thunderbolts, Superforts, and the men who flew them! You are our guide. Compliment, criticize, suggest! We want, as always, to please you! We'll print all of your letters that we can in "Prop Wash" in our third issue. Thanks for listening.

The Editors

Aces High

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New York City 12, N. Y.

TODAY, IT IS DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE THAT MODERN JET FIGHTER PLANES, WITH THEIR SUPERSONIC SPEEDS AND AWESOME FIREPOWER, HAVE EVOLVED FROM THE FLIMSY AIRCRAFT OF WORLD WAR I... WHEN 135 MILES PER HOUR WAS CONSIDERED BLINDING SPEED, AND A PLANE MOUNTING TWO MACHINE GUNS WAS REGARDED AS ALMOST IMPREGNABLE. YET THE SPAD OF YESTERYEAR WAS THE FATHER OF THE SABRE JET. THE SOPWITH CAMEL, MOTHER TO THE SHOOTING STAR. THEIR WOOD AND FABRIC HAVE BEEN REPLACED WITH METAL AND PLASTIC... THEIR DRONING GASOLINE ENGINES WITH EAR-SPLITTING TURBINES... THEIR CHATTERING MACHINE GUNS WITH SCREAMING ROCKETS AND ROARING CANNON. THERE'S BEEN PROGRESS, YES... DEVELOPMENT... CHANGE! BUT SOMETHING ELSE HAS CHANGED ALONG WITH THEIR ENGINEERING. SOMETHING IS GONE... LOST. PERHAPS IT IS AN ELEMENT IN THE MEN THAT FLEW THEM. PERHAPS IT WOULD BE WELL TO LOOK BACK... TO REMEMBER... TO SEE...

The Way It Was



THE SCENE IS A MODERN AIRFORCE BASE. AN OLD MAN STANDS WITH A YOUNG BOY...LOOKING UP...LISTENING TO THE SCREAMING ROAR OF A JET COMING OUT OF THE WEST...THUNDERING OVERHEAD...HOWLING OFF INTO THE SUNRISE LIKE SOME METAL MONSTER...

LOOK, GRAMPS! HERE IT COMES...

...AND THERE IT GOES! GOLLY... WHAT SPEED!

HMMPH!



IN MERE SECONDS OF FLASHING SPEED AND EAR-SPLITTING NOISE, THE JET VANISHES. ONLY THE ECHO OF ITS BANSHEE SHRIEK LINGERS TO HAUNT THE ONLOOKERS WITH ITS LIGHTNING COMING AND GOING...

DID YOU SEE HIM, GRAMPS? DID YOU?

YES, I SAW HIM, SON! THEY'RE GOING TOO FAR, I TELL YOU! THEY'RE LOSING THE HUMAN TOUCH! THE MACHINE DOESN'T SERVE MAN ANYMORE! TODAY, IT'S THE OTHER WAY AROUND! IT WAS A LOT DIFFERENT WHEN I WAS A FLIER!



OH, GRAMPS, YOU PROMISED YOU'D TELL ME WHAT IT WAS LIKE THEN! YOU PROMISED...

DID I? I DIDN'T THINK ANYBODY CARED ANYMORE. WELL, LET'S GO FIND US A BENCH AND SIT DOWN AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT FLYING AND FIGHTING IN MY DAY... DURING WORLD WAR I!



AND SO, THE FASCINATED BOY SITS BESIDE HIS GRANDFATHER AS THE GREY OLD MAN WEAVES A VERBAL PICTURE OF AN ERA WHICH HAS PASSED FOREVER...OF A TIME WHEN AVIATORS WERE LIKE GALLANT KNIGHTS WHO FOUGHT UNDER A CHIVALRIC CODE...

OUR PLANES WEREN'T MUCH, COMPARED TO THOSE THEY FLY TODAY! FEW WERE FASTER THAN 100 MILES AN HOUR... AND A FLIGHT OF FIFTY MILES DISTANCE WAS A BIG OPERATION...



"WHEN WORLD WAR I STARTED OVER FORTY YEARS AGO, AIRPLANES WERE A CURIOSITY AND USED ONLY FOR OBSERVATION. THEY CARRIED NO ARMAMENT AT ALL, FOR IT WAS FEARED THAT THE RECOIL OF A WEAPON MIGHT AFFECT THE PLANE'S FLIGHT. ENEMIES FLEW CLOSE TO EACH OTHER WITHOUT ANY DANGER..."

COME A BIT CLOSER, JERRY, AND I'LL PUNCH YOUR RUDDY NOSE!

ÄNGLISCHER SCHWEIN!



"BUT ONE DAY, TWO UNKNOWN ENGLISHMEN, WATCHING A GERMAN OBSERVATION PLANE OVER THEIR AERODROME, HAD A SUD-
DEN INSPIRATION..."

THAT CHEEKY BOCHE GETS UNDER MY SKIN! I'D SURE LIKE TO KNOCK HIM DOWN!

TONI. I'VE AN IDEA! IF HIS PROPELLOR WERE DAMAGED, HE'D DROP LIKE A ROCK!



ROCK! THAT'S IT, FREDDIE! LOOK, IT WE COULD GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO THROW A ROCK IN HIS PROP...



BY JOVE, OF COURSE! THERE IS A JOLLY COLLECTION OF COBBLESTONES IN THE VILLAGE. LET'S GIVE JERRY A REAL SURPRISE NEXT TIME HE COMES OVER...

"AND SO, WHEN THE GERMAN OBSERVATION PLANE RETURNED ON ITS NEXT PATROL, A ROCK-THROWING ENGLISHMAN OPENED THE DOOR TO A NEW ERA IN MILITARY AVIATION..."



I GOT HIM, TONY! I GOT HIM!

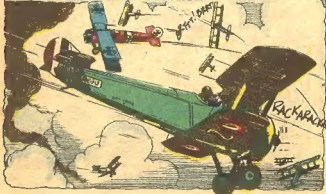
HE'S GOING DOWN! YOU'RE A WIZARD, FREDDIE... AN ABSOLUTE WIZARD!



"FROM THAT CRUDE START, AIR COMBAT DEVELOPED INTO AN EXACTING SCIENCE. SOON, EVERY PLANE WENT UP ARMED... AT FIRST WITH RIFLES, CARBINES, SHOT-GUNS, EVEN PISTOLS... THEN MACHINE GUNS, SYNCHRONIZED TO FIRE THROUGH THE PROPELLORS."

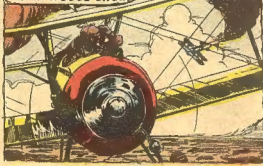


"PLANES WERE DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR FIGHTING, AND SWIFT SINGLE-SEATERS HAD BEEN DEVELOPED BY 1916... THE SPAD, THE NIEUPORT, THE F.E.'S, THE DE HAVILLAND, AND THE SOPWITH CAMEL BY THE ALLIES... THE ALBATROSS AND THE FOKKER BY THE GERMANS..."



"AIR COMBAT WAS STILL AN INDIVIDUAL MATTER THEN, FOR GROUP TACTICS HAD NOT YET BEEN DEvised. PILOTS FOUGHT VALIANTLY AND HARD, WITH GREAT RESPECT FOR EACH OTHER..."

SO LONG, JERRY! YOU PUT UP A GOOD SHOW!



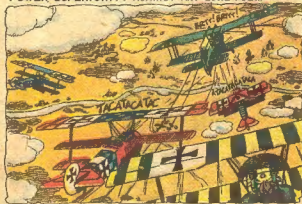
"IN MID-1915, THE GERMANS STARTED AN OFFENSIVE, AND IT SEEMED THAT THEY WERE IRRESISTIBLE. LONG CONVOYS OF FORWARD MOVING SUPPLY VEHICLES AND TROOPS CLOGGED THE MUDDY ROADWAYS..."



"BY 1917, THE GREATEST OF ALL GERMAN ACES, BARON MANFRED VON RICHTHOFEN, HAD PERFECTED GROUP MANEUVERS. HIS SQUADRON WAS KNOWN, FEARED, HATED, AND ADMIRER AS 'THE FLYING CIRCUS'..."



"THESE HIGHLY-SKILLED AVIATORS DID NOT ATTACK A TARGET SINGLE-HANDED, BUT IN GROUPS OF TWO OR THREE...SOMETIMES MORE...THUS ENSURING FIRE-POWER SUPERIORITY AGAINST ANY LONE FOE..."



"OF COURSE, THE ALLIES IMMEDIATELY ADOPTED SIMILAR TACTICS, AND DOG FIGHTS INVOLVING LARGE GROUPS OF PLANES...SOMETIMES NUMBERING AS MANY AS THIRTY OR FORTY...TOOK PLACE HIGH OVER THE ENTRENCHED GROUND TROOPS..."



THESE MASS DOG FIGHTS FREQUENTLY BROUGHT THE GROUND FIGHTING, IN THE SECTOR OVER WHICH THEY WERE HELD, TO A HALT. TOMMIES AND POILUS AND JERRIES CRAWLED OUT OF THEIR MUDDY TRENCHES AND DANK DUG-OUTS TO WATCH THE KNIGHTS OF THE SKY DO BATTLE...



"ALTHOUGH **MASS FLIGHTS** BECAME THE ORDER OF THE DAY, **INDIVIDUAL COMBAT** WAS STILL AT A HIGH LEVEL, AND **CHALLENGES TO SPECIFIC ENEMY PILOTS** WERE OFTEN ISSUED..."

INTELLIGENCE REALLY... HE'S GOT SAYS THE **TWELVE PLANES** JERRY ACE, TO HIS CREDIT. I **VON** THINK I'D LIKE TO **KRASSIN,** TAKE HIM! I'LL **IS AT POISSON,** DROP HIM A **CHALLENGE!**



"CHALLENGES WERE ISSUED IN MANY WAYS, BUT THE MOST **COMMON** WAS FOR THE CHALLENGER TO FLY OVER THE ENEMY AERODROME AND DROP A **CAVALRY BOOT** INTO WHICH INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE AIR DUEL HAD BEEN PLACED..."



"EVERY CHALLENGE WAS, OF COURSE, **EAGERLY RECEIVED...**"

EMIL! HE DROPPED A CHALLENGE! THAT BOOT!

PERHAPS IT IS MY TURN! HURRY! GET IT!



JA! IT IS FOR ME! HE WILL BE OVER HILL 609 AT DAWN! IF I **ACCEPT**, I AM TO SEND UP A **RED FLARE AT ONCE!** JOSEF! GET THE **FLARE GUN!**



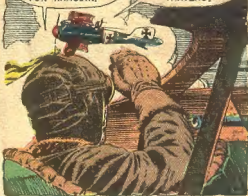
GOOD! VON KRASSIN ACCEPTS!



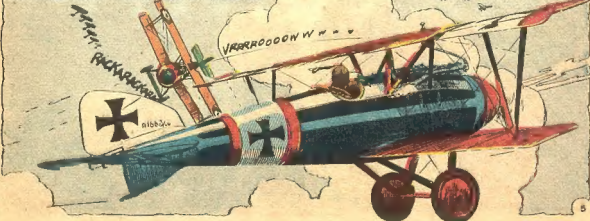
"AT THE APPOINTED HOUR, THE DUELISTS MET AND **SALUTED** EACH OTHER SMARTLY, AS BEFITTED HONORABLE FIGHTING MEN..."

GOOD LUCK, MERR BARON LIEUTENANT VON KRASSIN!

THE FORTUNES OF WAR TO YOU, MAJOR TRAVERS!



"AND THEN, THE AMENITIES OVER, THE ANTAGONISTS PLUNGED INTO COMBAT... EACH STRIVING FOR THE KILL... WITH THE **WHOLE SKY** AS THEIR FIELD OF HONOR..."



"MOST OFTEN, ONE OR THE OTHER FLIER WAS KILLED. BUT SOMETIMES A PLANE WAS **DISABLED... FORCED DOWN...** AND ITS PILOT **CAPTURED**. THEN, IT WAS CUSTOMARY FOR THE VICTOR TO **DINE HIS ERSTWHILE FOE BEFORE** HE WAS TAKEN TO A **PRISON CAMP...**"

I MADE BUT **ONE MISTAKE, MAJOR!** I SHOULD **NOT** HAVE ATTEMPTED AN **INSIDE LOOP** ON MY **THIRD PASS...**

THAT'S **RIGHT**, OLD CHAP. WELL, I'M **SORRY** TO BREAK THIS UP, BUT THE LADS FROM THE **MILITARY POLICE** ARE HERE TO TAKE YOU OFF. **GOOD LUCK!**



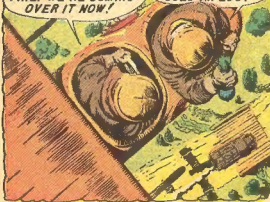
"THERE WERE MANY FAMOUS **SQUADRONS** AND **GROUPS** IN WORLD WAR I, BUT THE ONE WHOSE GLORY HAS **NEVER** GROWN DIM IS THE '**THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE**'..."



"WORLD WAR I ALSO SAW THE **FIRST AERIAL BOMBINGS** OF FORTIFIED POSITIONS. THIS NOW-PRECISE TECHNIQUE HAD **CRUDE BEGINNINGS...**"

THERE'S YOUR **TARGET**, PHIL! WE'RE COMING OVER IT NOW!

RIGHT. AND HERE GOES AN **EGG!**



"ACES ON BOTH SIDES WORE **DISTINCTIVE CLOTHING**, BORE **SPECIAL INSIGNIAS** ON THEIR PLANES, OR HAD THEIR CRAFT PAINTED A **SPECTACULAR COLOR** SO THEY WOULD BE **RECOGNIZED** BY THE ENEMY..."

ACH... IT IS THE **AMERICAN ACE!** I CAN TELL BY HIS **BLUE SCARF...**



"FORMED BY AMERICANS LIVING IN FRANCE, THESE GALLANT FLIERS MADE THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE A **SYNONYM** FOR **VALOR**. EVERY MEMBER WAS **DECORATED** BY THE **FRENCH GOVERNMENT... FOR BRAVERY IN ACTION...**"



IN THE NAME OF **FRANCE**, I AWARD YOU THE **CROIX DE GUERRE!**

"HAND-DROPPED OVER THE SIDE, THIS WAS A **FAR CRY** FROM THE ACCURATE BOMBING TACTICS IN USE NOW... JUST AS THE **BOMBS** WERE A FAR CRY FROM THE **BLOCK-BUSTERS** OF WORLD WAR II OR THE **ATOMIC** AND **HYDROGEN BOMBS** OF TODAY..."

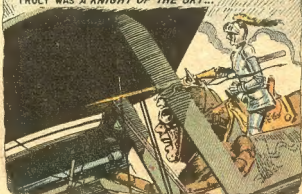
DIRECT HIT, PHIL!



"BUT, DESPITE THE CRUDITIES OF WORLD WAR I AIRCRAFT, THE GERMANS DEVELOPED GIANT BOMBERS. GOTHAS AND FRIEDRICHSHAFENS... WHICH PENETRATED SCREENS OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS AND BARRAGE BALLOONS AND ACTUALLY BOMBED LONDON..."



"YES, THAT WAS A GLORIOUS TIME... A TIME OF EXCITEMENT AND COURAGE... OF CHIVALRY AND HONOR... WHEN THE AVIATOR IN THE COCKPIT WAS THE MASTER OF HIS MACHINE AND HIS FATE, AND TRULY WAS A KNIGHT OF THE SKY..."



GOSH, GRAMPS! THINGS SURE WERE DIFFERENT IN YOUR WAR!

WAR IS ALWAYS THE SAME, MY BOY. IT BRINGS DEATH AND DESTRUCTION AND MISERY NO MATTER WHERE, WHEN, OR HOW IT IS FOUGHT.



LOOK, GRAMPS! MORE JETS! THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO BE WHEN I GROW UP... A JET PILOT!

NOTHING EVER REALLY CHANGES, YOU KNOW! IN MY DAY, EVERY BOY DREAMED OF FLYING A SPAD OR A SOPWITH!



THEY DREAMED OF IT BECAUSE THEY HEARD STORIES... STORIES OF THE PILOTS THAT FLEW THEM... OF THE AGES THAT PAINTED BLACK IRON CROSSES ON THE FUSILAGES BELOW THEIR COCKPITS AND WENT INTO THE SKIES EACH DAY TO FACE DEATH IN DEFEAT, OR GLORY IN VICTORY...

GEE! I'D LIKE TO HEAR SOME OF THOSE STORIES, GRAMPS!



THE OLD MAN SMILES AND PATS THE YOUNG BOY'S HEAD...

YOU WOULD, EH? WELL... TELL YOU WHAT! WHILE YOU'RE LOOKING AT THOSE GLEAMING METAL MARVELS OF AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING AND LISTENING TO THEIR EAR-SPLITTING JET-THUNDER... I'LL TELL YOU OF FABRIC AND WOOD PLANES AND... THE WAY IT WAS!





THE STORK WITH TALONS



Early in 1915, an ex-infantryman named Charles Nungesser reported for duty at a French Air Base on the Western Front. He had tired of grubby trench warfare and volunteered for the air force. This was his first assignment. He wore his powder blue uniform nattily, and his kepi was tilted at a cocky angle. However, Charles Nungesser looked like anything but the popular conception of a dashing airman. Only five feet six inches tall, he made up for his lack of height by his aggressiveness.

Although he had not yet been in combat, Nungesser had wangled himself a place in the renowned "Stork Squadron" made up of the best fliers in the French Air Corps. A boastful fellow, Nungesser earned the respect of his comrades, for he was one braggart who backed up his words with deeds. He soon showed that he was a "Stork" with the talons of an eagle.

He declared that his first time up in combat he would get a German. He did. A Fokker out of von Richthofen's squadron. This was quite a feat for a rookie. But rookie or not, Nungesser thought of himself as an ace and not being bashful, acted like one. He ordered his Nieuport painted red, white and blue and had the squadron artist emblazon a personal device on the side of the ship. This insignia was four lighted candles against a black background, underneath, a grinning skull and crossbones completed the shield. When asked to explain the heraldic significance

of the candles, and the skull and cross bones, Nungesser replied that it had none at all. He hoped that it looked interesting enough to lure a German within range and that was its sole purpose.

A daring flier, Nungesser was also an inventive one. He rigged up a rear vision mirror in the cockpit of his single seater so that he could observe to the rear without turning his head. Many other fliers soon adopted this idea.

The Frenchman specialized in two phases of combat flying—unorthodox maneuver and deadly marksmanship. It is said that he brought down a plane with less shots than any other flier, Allied or German. His record of 45 ships is evidence of his accuracy. Nungesser's biggest bag came in 1917. He was trapped by a flight of six Germans—three Fokkers and three LVG's. His wild acrobatics caused two of the Germans to collide. His twin Vickers took care of the other four. Six enemy craft in a day was a pretty good score, but this incredible man was quite unhappy. He complained that the collision had robbed him of the opportunity to take care of two more foes, since he much preferred shooting them down.

Nungesser stayed in aviation and went to his death as a pilot should, at the controls of his ship. With a companion, he attempted the first east-west crossing of the Atlantic. Somewhere over the ocean his plane plunged into the water and disappeared. The stork's wings had been clipped, at last.

YOU'RE LIEUTENANT TOM POMEROY. YOU'VE JUST JOINED THE 37TH "BLUE BLAZES" AERO SQUADRON. YOU'VE HAD ELEVEN HOURS OF SOLO AND YOU'RE EAGER FOR ACTION. YOU SEARCH THE EASTERN HORIZON IMPATIENTLY. YOUR NEW COMRADES ARE AWAY ON A MISSION. THEY'RE NOT AWARE THAT YOU'RE STANDING ON THE GRASSY PLAIN CALLED *BAR SUR SEINE*, WAITING RESTLESSLY FOR THEIR RETURN. THEIR SNARLING NIEUPORTS ARE BUSY WITH A FLIGHT OF FOKKER-ESCORTED GOTHA BOMBERS FIFTEEN MILES AWAY. AT THIS MOMENT, TOM POMEROY, YOU ARE VERY MUCH...

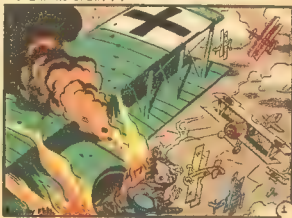
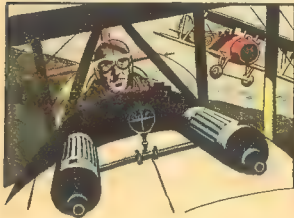
THE OUTSIDER



WOOD

AT THAT MOMENT, AS YOU STAND AND LISTEN FOR THE DISTANT DRONE OF PLANES, YOUR SQUADRON LEADER, MAJOR HANK CONNERS, IS LINING UP A GOTHA FUEL TANK IN THE CROSS-LINE SIGHTS OF HIS VICKERS GUNS...

TWIN STREAMS OF FLAME FINGER OUT AND JAB AT THE SHUDDERING BOCHE BOMBER. DEATH BILLOWS BLACKLY FROM ITS FUSELAGE. THERE IS NO ESCAPE FOR ITS SCREAMING CREW...



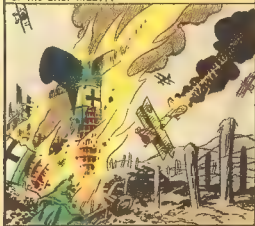
NOR IS THERE ESCAPE FOR MAJOR CONNERS. AS A FOKKER SUDDENLY LIGHTS ON HIS TAIL . . .



A HAIL OF LEAD FROM ITS SPANDAU SINGS ALONG HIS NIEUPORT'S FUSELAGE, POKK-MARKING FABRIC. FINALLY FINDING FLESH . . .



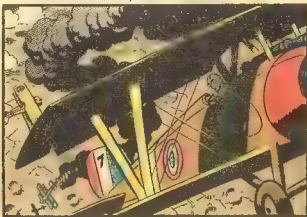
THE STRUTS OF YOUR SQUADRON COMMANDER'S PLANE SHRIEK IN DISMAY AS HIS PERFORATED NIEUPORT FOLLOWS DOWN THE FLAMING PYRE OF HIS LAST KILL . . .



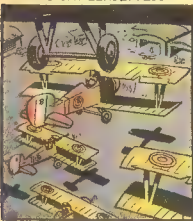
THERE IS NO ELATION... NO GLOW IN THE HEARTS OF LT. REGAN AND LT. BURTON AS THEY CONVERGE ON THE RED FOKKER, PUMPING FLAMING TRACERS INTO THE SCREAMING PRUSSIAN WHO HAS JUST DOWNED CONNERS . . .



THE MUDDY GRAVEYARD OF GERMAN PLANES FAR BELOW BRINGS NO SMILE TO THEIR LIPS AS THEIR LATEST ADDITION TO IT TORCHES IN, LIKE A FIERY COMET . . .



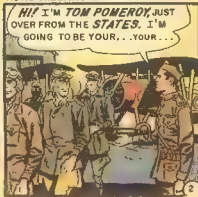
THE MEN OF THE 37TH "BLUE BLAZES" ARE SOLEMN IN THEIR VICTORY AS THEY HEAD FOR HOME. THEY ARE COMING BACK... **LEADERLESS.**



...COMING BACK TO **YOU**, LT. POMEROY... GREEN OUT OF FLYING SCHOOL... NEW... INEXPERIENCED. YOU WATCH YOUR FUTURE FIGHT-MATES WITH A JOYOUS GRIN AS THEY BRING THEIR NIEUPORTS DOWN . . .



YOU DIDN'T **KNOW** MAJOR CONNERS! YOU DON'T KNOW HE'S **GONE**... OR WHAT HIS PASSING **MEANS** TO HIS FRIENDS! A GRINNING FOOL, YOU STICK YOUR HAND OUT IN ENTHUSIASTIC GREETING . . .



HI! I'M TOM POMEROY, JUST OVER FROM THE STATES. I'M GOING TO BE YOUR... YOUR...

THEY PASS YOU BY, THEIR LIPS TIGHT, THEIR EYES HARD. CONTEMPT TWISTS THEIR FEATURES. YOU ARE LIKE DIRT TO THEM...DIRT NOT WORTH TOUCHING OR KNOWING...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THEM? WHAT DID I SAY? IS THIS THE WAY TO TREAT A NEW ARRIVAL...



YOU CAN'T BELIEVE YOUR EARS. ARE THEY CRAZY? WHAT'S EATING THEM? YOU ASK YOURSELF A MILLION QUESTIONS AND YOU GET NO ANSWERS THAT MAKE SENSE.

SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG FOR THEM TO BE SHUTTING ME OUT. GIVING ME THE COLD SHOULDER!



BUT, SINCE IT'S HUMAN TO SEEK COMPANIONSHIP, NO MATTER HOW HARD IT IS TO GAIN IT, YOU TRY...PATHE- TICALLY... TO INGRATiate YOURSELF. YOU HAUNT THE BULL SESSIONS...LAUGH AT HUMOR YOU DON'T UNDER- STAND...

...AND WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT? YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW THE GAL WE'RE TALKIN' ABOUT!

I... I WAS JUST.

...JUST SOUNDING LIKE A BRAYING JACKASS! LOOK, GO PLAY SOME SOLITAIRE, SONNY.



YOU BROOD ABOUT IT ANGRILY...THE WHOLE HUMILIATING MESS, THE NERVE OF THEM... SNUBBING YOU... CUTTING YOU DEAD...AS IF YOU WERE A DISEASE OR SOMETHING...

HMMPH! EVERYBODY ELSE RATES A ROOMMATE! ME, THEY STICK IN SOLITAIRE! NOBODY TO TALK TO BUT THE FOUR WALLS! WHAT A WAY TO MAKE A GUY FEEL AT HOME!



BUT WHY? WHY SHOULD THEY GANG UP ON YOU? WHAT REASON COULD THEY HAVE? YOU BOIL INSIDE BUT YOU KEEP YOUR LIPS SEALED. YOU'LL NEVER GIVE THEM THE SATISFACTION OF CRAWLING TO THEM...

TO BLAZES WITH THEM! I DIDN'T COME HERE TO MAKE FRIENDS, ANYWAY! I CAME HERE TO FLY...AND FIGHT!



AND WHEN A GREASEMONKEY TELLS YOU ABOUT MAJOR CONNERS, YOU SEIZE UPON IT EAGERLY AS THE EXCUSE FOR THEIR DISCOURTESY. YOU'D OFFENDED THEM WITH YOUR BUBBLING ENTHUSIASM. YOU HURRY TO THE CANTEN TO APOLOGIZE...

1.. I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T KNOW! CONNERS MUST HAVE BEEN A GREAT GUY FOR EVERYONE TO TAKE HIS LOSS SO...

MAJOR CONNERS, TO YOU! AND DON'T SPEAK HIS NAME, SHAVETAIL! YOU'RE NOT WORTHY OF IT.



BUT DEEP INSIDE, NO MATTER HOW YOU REASON OR STEEL YOURSELF, YOU RESENT THIS BEING SHUNNED AS IF YOU WERE A HUMAN CESSPOOL. THE HURT IS DEEP...AND YOUR RESENTMENT DEEPER...

LET 'EM IGNORE ME! I DON'T GIVE A HANG! THEY MEAN NOTHING TO ME, THE BUNCH OF SNOBS.



SOLITAIRE, INDEED! SOLITAIRE IS YOUR GAME, AND "SOLITAIRE" IS YOUR LIFE! BAR SUR SEINE. THE CLIQUE HAS MADE IT CLEAR THAT YOU'RE AN UNWANTED OUTSIDER WISHED UPON THE SQUADRON THROUGH SOME POWER BEYOND THEIR CONTROL...

YOU'LL FLY WING MAN, POWEROY! STICK CLOSE AND PULL NO ROCKS! THE SQUADRON NEEDS EVERY MAN...

THANKS, CAPTAIN! I'M AWARE HOW MUCH THE 37TH WOULD MISS ME!



YOU'VE NEVER REALIZED BEFORE THE TRUTH OF THE SAYING THAT A MAN CAN FEEL LONELY IN A CROWD. THAT'S HOW YOU FEEL NOW, UP THERE IN THE CLOUDS WITH THE 37TH. LONELY AS A STONE, ISOLATED AS AN ISLAND...

SO THIS IS HOW THEY ENCOUR-
AGE TEAMWORK... BY MAKING A
GUY FEEL AS UNWANTED AS
POSSIBLE... BY KEEPING HIM
MISERABLE ON THE GROUND!
WELL, SOME DAY, I'LL SHOW
THEM! SOME DAY, I'LL...



YOU'LL WHAT, POMEROY? COULD
YOU EVER HOPE TO BLAST
THROUGH THE BARRIER OF THEIR
COLDNESS? WHAT MAGIC WILL
OPEN THE DOOR THEY'VE
CLOSED ON YOU? YOU SHAKE
YOUR HEAD. YOU KNOW IT WILL
NEVER CHANGE! YOU KNOW
THIS IS THE WAY IT HAS TO BE...

IT WAS JUST ROTTEN LUCK TO
BE ASSIGNED TO THIS BUNCH!
BUT THEY WON'T BREAK ME!
I'LL TAKE ANYTHING THEY
DISH OUT... AND MORE!



YOU BECAME AN INTROVERT...
BROODING IN BITTERNESS... A MASS
OF RESENTMENT... HATING BAR SUR
SEINE MORE THAN ANYPLACE IN
THE WORLD. AND THEN, FINALLY,
YOU DECIDE TO APPLY FOR A TRANS-
FER. THE C.O. STARES AT YOU AS
IF YOU'RE A LOATHSOME CRY-BABY...

SORRY, POMEROY! REPLACE- THE
MENTS ARE SCARCE! SAME?
WE'RE STUCK WITH ONE I... I
ANOTHER! BUT IF IT'S DON'T
ANY CONSOLATION, UNDER-
YOU'D FIND THE SITU- STAND,
ATION THE SAME SIR...
EVERYWHERE...



IT'S SIMPLE, POMEROY. THE NEW
AND THE OLD JUST DON'T MIX!
THE INSIDERS ARE SUSPICIOUS
OF THE OUTSIDERS... SOMETIMES
EVEN RESENTFUL! A NEW MAN
IS AN OUTSIDER! IT'S A
ROUGH SITUATION, I KNOW,
BUT NOTHING LASTS FOREVER...



SURE! THERE'S
ALWAYS THE
CHANCE I'LL
GET KILLED!
THANKS, COLONEL!
THANKS LOADS...

ONE DAY YOU DRAW A MISSION THAT IMITATES YOUR
WHOLE LIFE WITH THE 37TH. A SOLO JOB. A LONE
RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHT. YOU TAKE OFF IN BITTER-
NESS AND YOU DO YOUR WORK IN BITTERNESS. WHAT
MIGHT HAVE BEEN ONE OF THE GREATEST EXPERIENCES
IN YOUR LIFE HAS TURNED INTO A SICKENING TORTURE.



I... I NEVER DREAMED IT WOULD BE
LIKE THIS! I THOUGHT A SQUADRON
WAS ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY!
INSTEAD, IT'S A SPITEFUL CLIQUE...

BUT AS YOU GUIDE YOUR NIEUPORT BACK TO BAR SUR SEINE, YOU CATCH
YOUR BREATH SHARPLY

GOOD LORD! GERMANS... BOMBING AND
STRAFING THE FIELD...



BELOW, THE SURPRISED MEN OF THE 37TH COWER UNDER COVER, PINNED DOWN BY THE STRAFING FOKKERS...



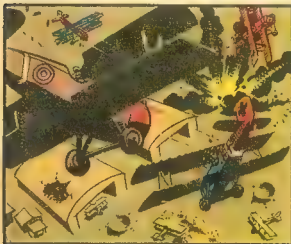
THEY'LL BLAST OUR PLANES TO SMITHER-EEENS UNLESS WE CAN STOP THEM!

COME BACK, YOU IDIOT!

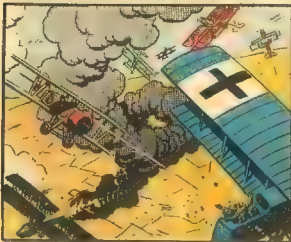
COME BACK!



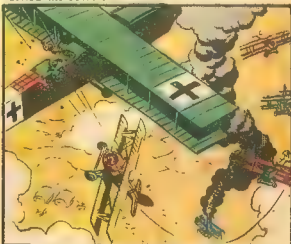
AT THAT MOMENT, YOU DROP OUT OF THE SUN, YOUR GUNS YAMMERING...



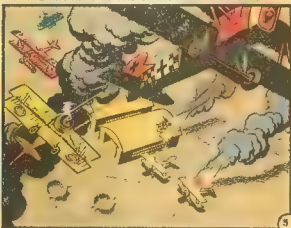
YOU SIDE SLIP AND PICK UP ANOTHER FAT PRUSSIAN EGG-CARRIER IN YOUR SIGHTS...



YOU PULL OUT OF YOUR SCREAMING DIVE UNDER A LUMBERING GOTHA...



THE BOMBER FLARES UP...ORANGE AND BLACK. YOU SLICE THROUGH ITS FLAMES, YOUR VICKERS GUNS CHATTERING AWAY AT ONE OF ITS FOKKER ESCORTS...



IT IS LIKE A NIGHTMARE...YOUR LONE BATTLE AGAINST THE BOCHE...AN INCREDIBLE, DESPERATE BATTLE AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS...PLANE AFTER PLANE DROPPING AWAY...GOING DOWN IN SHRIEKING FLAMES...

BUT YOUR DIVERSIONARY ATTACK GIVES YOUR SQUADRON MATES AT BAR SUR SEINE A CHANCE TO COME ALOFT. NOW, TOGETHER YOU CHASE THE GERMANS. MORE THAN HALF THE RAIDERS FLAME ON THE GROUND AS THE REMAINING TURN AND FLEE



BITTERLY, YOU LAND YOUR PLANE. BITTERLY, YOU CLIMB FROM THE COCKPIT. "THE CRUMBS", YOU SNARL TO YOURSELF. "THEY'D BE DEAD NOW... ALL OF THEM... IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU! BUT DO THEY REALIZE IT? THE CRUMBS!"



NICE FLYING, TOM!
PUT IT THERE, POMEROY!
GREAT STICK- WORK, KID!
YOU'VE GOT SUITS, FELLER!

YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, THEY SURROUND YOU...OFFERING YOU SMOKES...DRINKS... COMPLIMENTS. EVEN CAPTAIN SINCLAIR PUMPS YOUR HAND...

GLAD YOU'RE WITH US, POMEROY! YOU'RE A CREDIT TO THE 37TH!
CREDIT NOTHING, CAPTAIN! POMEROY HERE IS THE MAKINGS OF IT!



YOU TURN, BEWILDERED, TO YOUR C.O. WHAT HAPPENED? WHY HAS EVERYBODY CHANGED? BECAUSE YOU SAVED THEIR NECKS?

ONLY PARTLY, POMEROY! MOSTLY BECAUSE YOU'VE ARRIVED! YOU'RE A VET NOW! YOU'VE PROVED YOURSELF! YOU BELONG!
BUT WHY COULDN'T EVERYBODY BE FRIENDLY BEFORE? WHY WAS I PUT THROUGH THE WRINGER?



THE C.O. SMILES.

BECAUSE A NEW MAN HAS TO WORK IN SLOWLY! EVENTUALLY HE'S ACCEPTED! BUT HIS TICKET OF ADMISSION TO A COMBAT SQUADRON IS NOT A HANDSHAKE! IT'S A BAPTISM OF FIRE! IT'S EXPERIENCE THAT MAKES AN OUTSIDER INTO AN INSIDER!



YOU'RE ONE OF THE GANG NOW, POMEROY. YOU UNDERSTAND THEIR HUMOR... THEIR EXCLUSIVE PRIDE. AND THEN, ONE DAY, A REPLACEMENT ARRIVES... A CALLOW GREEN KID WITH SIX HOURS SOLO AND A GRIN AS BROAD AS THE RIVER AT BAR SUR SEINE...

HI! MY NAME'S CARTWRIGHT! I... ER... I SAID MY NAME'S GARTWRIGHT! I'M THE NEW REPLACEMENT...
WHO THE DEVIL CARES WHAT YOUR NAME IS? AROUND THIS AERODROME IT'S MUD, MISTER!



YOU STALK AWAY GRIM-FACED... TIGHT-LIPPED. THE KID STARES AFTER YOU. YOU KNOW HOW HE FEELS, DON'T YOU POMEROY? HE'S TREMBLING... PALE... SHOCKED... A COMPLETE OUTSIDER... ON HIS WAY IN!



COMING ATTRACTIONS!

The Roman Arena! The French Revolution! Napoleon!
HERE IS A SCENE FROM ANOTHER OF E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAGS...

VALOR



THE OLD SWINEHERD LOOKED UP WITH HORROR AND AWE AS HIS TREMBLING HANDS WERE STRETCHED ACROSS A BOULDER AND HIS CHAINS WERE SHATTERED WITH THE BLOW OF A BATTLE-AXE...

"M-MAJESTY!? YOU CALLED HIM 'YOUR MAJESTY'!"

"AYE! HE IS ARTHUR OF AVALON!"



THE SERF STOOD BREATHLESSLY...UNCOMPREHENDINGLY...WATCHING THE KNIGHT AND HIS RETENUE RIDE OFF INTO THE MIST. AND HE NO LONGER WORE CHAINS...

"ARTHUR...? ARTHUR OF AVALON...? KING ARTHUR!?"



INTRIGUE! HEADLINES! THRILLS!

FOLLOW KEITH MICHAELS, W.P. SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, IN E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAG...

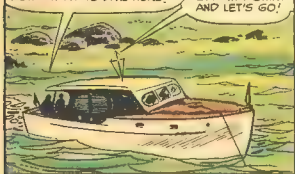


EXTRA!

AND STILL LATER. OUT AT THE ISLAND REEFS...

WAIT A MINUTE, MICHAELS! I DON'T LIKE THIS SPOT! LET'S TRY THE OTHER END OF THE REEFS! YOU DON'T WANT TO DIVE HERE!

SURE I DO! I'M ALL SET! COME ON! TAKE OFF THAT SHIRT AND LET'S GO!



KEITH DIVES. / THE BOAT, ANXIOUS, STRAINED FACES WAIT THROUGH THE LONG MINUTES, WATCHING THE AIR BUBBLES BURST ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER...



And now, the most revolutionary idea ever presented in comics!
Discover the innermost secrets of people searching for peace
of mind in E.C.'s "New Direction" mag...

PSYCHOANALYSIS



THE SUBJECT'S PARENTS PASSED
OUT THROUGH THE WAITING ROOM
THE DOCTOR SHOOK HIS HEAD...

THERE'S 90% OF THE TROUBLE...
A BAD MARRIAGE... INCESSANT
QUARRELS OVER REARING THE
CHLD. THE FATHER PULLING
ONE WAY... THE MOTHER, THE
OTHER. NO WONDER THE BOY'S
IN A STATE OF REBELLION AGA NST
BOTH OF THEM!



THE DOCTOR BECKONED TO THE
SUBJECT. THE BOY HESITATED,
THEN ENTERED THE OFFICE...

HOW HE STARES AT ME! SUSPICIOUS
... FRIGHTENED... MISERABLE.
HE THINKS I WANT SOME-
THING OF HIM, TOO!



LISTEN TO ME, FREDDY...
CAREFULLY. YOU'VE FAILED
YOUR STUDIES. YOU PLAY
HOOKY FROM SCHOOL.
YOU'VE DROPPED SPORTS...
YOU WON'T PLAY THE
PIANO OR PAINT... YOL
SCARCELY GO OUT! WHEN
YOU DO, YOU STEAL
THINGS! WHY?

I..
I
DON'T
KNOW!



AS MANY OF YOU KNOW, WE AT E.C. HAVE BEEN HARD AT WORK PREPARING
A COMPLETELY NEW LINE OF MAGAZINES TO REPLACE THE ONES WE'VE DROPPED!
AFTER MUCH HEAD-SCRATCHING, NAIL-BITING, AND BRAIN-RACKING... FOLLOWED
BY PLENTY OF PENCILING, INKING, AND EDITING... WE ARE AT LAST READY TO UNVEIL
OUR "NEW DIRECTION" MAGAZINES! TO AROUSE YOUR CURIOSITY, WE'VE PRE-
SENTED THIS UNVEILING IN THE FORM OF COMING ATTRACTIONS! NOW YOU'VE SEEN THEM!

LOOK FOR THEM ON YOUR NEWSSTANDS!

IF YOU'D LIKE TO SUBSCRIBE TO ANY AND/OR ALL OF THESE "NEW DIRECTION" MAGS,
FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW, ENCLOSE \$1.00 FOR EACH SUBSCRIPTION, AND MAIL
TO...

ENTERTAINING COMICS
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME 8 ISSUES OF THE
MAGAZINE(S) I HAVE CHECKED. I ENCLOSE
ONE DOLLAR (\$1.00) FOR EACH SUBSCRIPTION.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE
NO. _____

STATE _____

- ☐ IMPACT ☐ ACES HIGH
☐ VALOR ☐ PSYCHOANALYSIS
☐ EXTRA! ☐ MAD

☐ PANIC

☐ PIRACY

THE MASCOT

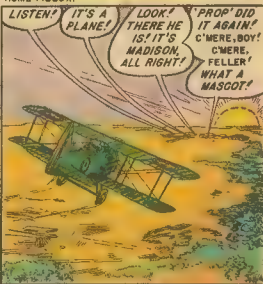
IT WAS A BLEAK WINTER DAY IN 1918. A GROUP OF TENSE-
FACED PILOTS, WHO HAD ALREADY COMPLETED THEIR MIS-
SION, STOOD AT THE EDGE OF THE LANDING STRIP OF THEIR
ADVANCED AMERICAN AIRDROME SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.
NEARBY, A SMALL, LOP-EARED MONGREL SQUATTED, PATIENT-
LY WAITING. FROM TIME TO TIME, THE GROUP OF WHISPERING
PILOTS WOULD FALL SILENT, GLANCE AT THE DOG, THEN
SEARCH THE FEBRUARY SKY TO THE EAST. FINALLY, ONE OF
THEM SPOKE...

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
MADISON IS AN HOUR OVERDUE!
I TELL YOU, THEY GOT HIM! HE'S
NOT COMING BACK! WHAT'RE
WE STANDING AROUND LIKE
THIS FOR?

TAKE IT EASY, LANE!
MARK'S COMING
BACK! 'PROP',
THERE, HASN'T
BUDGED! AND AS
LONG AS THAT MUTT
SITS WHERE HE IS,
MARK'S STILL ALIVE!



THE MEN FELL SILENT AGAIN. THE DOG JUST SAT.
THEN, FROM FAR OFF, ABOVE THE DISTANT RUMBLE
OF GUNS, CAME THE DRONE... LIKE A BEE SEARCH-
ING FOR A FLOWER... A SPAD, SEARCHING FOR ITS
HOME FIELD...

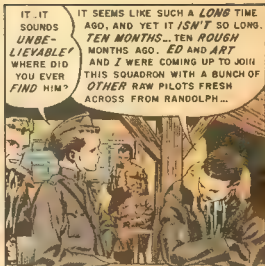
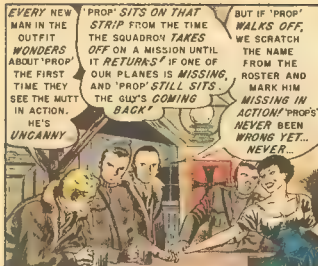


THE SPAD CAME DOWN AND THE GREASEMONKEYS
RAN TOWARD IT. THE DOG TROTTED AFTER THEM,
BARKING. THE PILOT NAMED LANE STARED AFTER
THE YAPPING MONGREL...

I...I DON'T UNDER-
STAND! MAYBE I'M
FLYING BLIND! YOU
MEAN YOU KNEW
MADISON WOULD BE
COMING BACK BECAUSE
THAT DOG WOULDN'T
LEAVE THE STRIP!?

THAT'S RIGHT!
YOU'RE NEW TO THE
SQUADRON, LANE, SO
YOU COULDN'T KNOW
ABOUT 'PROP'! COME
ON INTO THE CANTEEN
AND HAVE A DRINK...
AND WE'LL TELL YOU
ABOUT HIM!





"WE'D COME FROM PARIS BY LORRY, AND AS WE PULLED INTO POILLY-SUR-OISNE, WE COULD HEAR THE RUMBLING OF ARTILLERY FIRE IN THE DISTANCE. IT WAS THE FIRST TIME WE'D BEEN AT THE FRONT AND WE WERE ALL PRETTY SCARED..."

LAST STOP, GENTLEMEN! THE AIRDROME TRUCK WILL PICK YOU UP HERE. THE FIELDS ABOUT TEN KILOMETERS TO THE SOUTH...

THANKS, DRIVER.



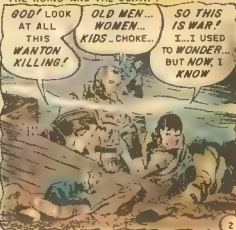
"WE WATCHED THE LORRY RATTLE OFF... AND THE NEXT MINUTE, A SIREN BEGAN TO WAIL..."



"TWO BLACK-WINGED GOTHA BOMBERS APPEARED OVERHEAD LIKE MENACING BIRDS OF PREY. THEN, THE BOMBS BEGAN TO SCREAM EARTHWARD FOR TWO SOLID HOURS, JERRY PLASTERED THAT VILLAGE WHILE WE COVERED IN A WINE CELLAR..."



"...AND WHEN THE RAID HAD ENDED AND WE'D CLIMBED OUT INTO THE RUBBLE AND THE RUINS AND THE DEATH..."



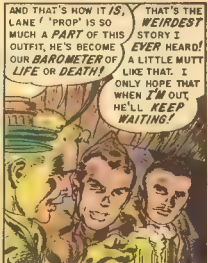
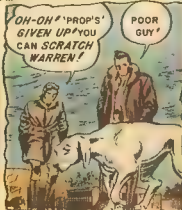
"WE FOUND 'PROP' AMID THE WRECK-AGE...WHINING AND SHIVERING..."



"AND SO, 'PROP', OUR NEW MASCOT, WAS DULY NAMED. A SHORT TIME LATER, THE TRUCK FROM THE AIRDROME CAME TO PICK US UP AND WE TOOK HIM WITH US. WELL, IT DIDN'T TAKE US LONG TO BECOME VETERAN COMBAT PILOTS. WE LEARNED IN THE HARD SCHOOL OF *EXPERIENCE!* EITHER YOU WERE AN *HONOR* STUDENT OR YOU WERE A *DEAD ONE*."



"AND AS WE BECAME STEELLED TO FACING DEATH EACH DAY IN THE SKIES, 'PROP', TOO, WAS INTEGRATED INTO THE UNIT. HE BECAME A MUTE PROPHET OF LIFE AND DEATH. IN SOME WEIRD, INEXPLICABLE MANNER, HIS UNCANNY SIXTH SENSE NEVER ERRED..."



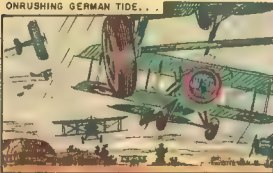
BUT SOME DAYS LATER, THE ICY FINGER OF DEATH TOUCHED LT. JOE LANE' WHILE FLYING A SOLO MISSION, HIS SPAD PLUNGED EARTHWARD LIKE A FIERY METEOR, SET ABLAZE BY A HAIL OF BULLETS FROM AN ALBATROSS'S DEADLY TWIN SPANDAU GUNS.



AND PRECISELY AT THAT MOMENT, BACK AT THE AIRDROME, 'PROP' STOOD UP AND TROTTED OFF THE STRIP, GIVING UP HIS VIGIL... THOSE WHO SAW, KNEW THEY'D LOST A SQUADRON MATE..."



DEATH WAS NO STRANGER TO THIS BATTLE-SCARRED SQUADRON, AND THE CRUEL RELENTLESS WAR WENT ON. THE NEWS CAME THAT THE GERMANS HAD TORN A HUGE GAP IN THE ALLIED LINES. A FRANTIC CALL WENT OUT FOR THE AIRMEN TO HELP STEM THE ONRUSHING GERMAN TIDE...

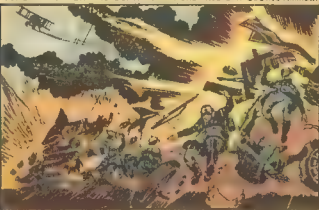


FOR DAYS, THE STRUGGLE TO HALT THE ENEMY ADVANCE WENT ON. ONE MORNING, AS LOW HANGING RAIN CLOUDS OBSCURED VISIBILITY, A MEMBER OF THE SQUADRON, ART HAYES, LOST HIS FORMATION IN THE SWIRLING MIST...

I...I MUST'VE VEERED OFF COURSE WHEN WE WENT THROUGH THAT CLOUD BANK! THIS IS A HECK OF A SPOT TO BE IN...



MOMENTS LATER, THE HAIL OF LEAD FROM ART'S RAPID-FIRING VICKERS GUNS TURNED THE GERMAN CONVOY INTO A WILD INFERNO... A NIGHTMARE HOLOCAUST OF SCREAMING MEN AND BURNING TRUCKS AND EXPLODING AMMO...



GRIMLY, DESPERATELY, THE SQUADRON BATTLED THE GERMANS, AND THE SKIES OVER FRANCE BECAME A TOURNEY GROUND WHERE WINGED KNIGHTS FOUGHT VALIENTLY AND DIED BRAVELY...



MEANWHILE, BELOW, AN ENEMY TRUCK CONVOY CARRYING AMMUNITION AND SUPPLIES WAS SPLASHING ALONG A MUDDY ROAD...



ATTEMPTING TO GET HIS BEARINGS SO THAT HE COULD REJOIN HIS SQUADRON, ART SPOTTED THE CONVOY. HE MADE A QUICK DECISION...



WHAT A CHANCE TO POWDER THE JERRIES! I'LL GO IN LOW AND THEY'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT 'EM!

BUT THE DARING FLIER HAD COME IN *TOO LOW* FOR THIS COUP. SHRAPNEL FROM THE EXPLODING SHELLS RIPPED THROUGH HIS SHIP AND BLACK LIQUID SPRAYED UP INTO HIS FACE...



OIL LINE'S CUT! I'LL HAVE TO MAKE A FORCED LANDING!

CALLING ON ALL OF HIS FLYING SKILL, ART MANAGED TO PANCAKE-LAND HIS CRIPPLED PLANE IN A FIELD...



THE AIRDROME OUGHT TO BE DUE WEST OF HERE. IF I DON'T RUN INTO ANY BOCHES, I CAN REACH IT... ON FOOT.

MEANWHILE, AT THE SQUADRON BASE...

I...I LOOKED AROUND AND ART JUST WASN'T THERE! EITHER HE CRASHED WHILE WE WERE IN THAT CLOUDBANK...OR HE'S LOST, ED!

HE'VE RUN OUT OF FUEL BY NOW! IT LOOKS BAD, MIKE! VERY BAD!



HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON!?

MAN YOUR PLANES! THERE'S BEEN ANOTHER BREAK-THROUGH!

WE'VE BEEN ORDERED TO ABANDON THE FIELD! THE JERRIES ARE HEAD-ING THIS WAY! LET'S GO!



THE AIRDROME WAS A SCENE OF NOISE AND CONFUSION AS PLANE AFTER PLANE GUNNED ITS MOTORS AND TOOK TO THE SKY IN STRATEGIC RETREAT TO ANOTHER FIELD SOME MILES TO THE REAR...



MIKE! LET'S GO! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?!

THE MUTT, ED! WE FORGOT THE MUTT! 'PROF' HERE, 'PROF' C'MON, BOY! WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE, BOY!

THE DOG REFUSED TO MOVE. HE JUST SAT THERE... AT THE EDGE OF THE LANDING STRIP... WAITING. AND THE SUDDEN REALIZATION DAWNED ON MIKE...



'PROF' WON'T LEAVE, ED! HE WON'T LEAVE! ART'S ALIVE! ART'S COMING BACK!

MIKE! FOR GOD'S SAKE! THE JERRY'S ARE COMING! THERE'S NO USE KIDDING OURSELVES! ART'S A GONER! LET'S GO!



YOU CAN GO IF YOU WANT TO! I'M WAITING FOR ART!

MIKE! MAYBE THE DOG IS WRONG. MAYBE... AHH, WHAT'S THE USE! I'LL WAIT WITH YOU!



I FIGURED YOU HAD MORE FAITH IN 'PROF' THAN TO RUN OUT ON HIM... AND ART! C'MON! HELP ME ARRANGE A LITTLE RECEPTION FOR THE JERRIES IN CASE THEY SHOW UP BEFORE ART!

WHAT'S THAT, MIKE?



HELP ME DISMOUNT THE LEWIS GUN FROM MY PLANE AND SET IT UP HERE...

HMM! AND I JOINED THE AIR CORPS SO I WOULDN'T HAVE TO FIGHT ON THE GROUND.

FOR THREE LONG HOURS, ED AND MIKE AND THE SQUATTING 'PROP' WAITED, VIGILANTLY, LISTENING TO THE APPROACHING GUNFIRE. AS AFTERNOON WANED, BOTH MEN BEGAN TO LOSE HOPE...



MIKE KIPPED THE LEWIS UP IN HIS ARMS...



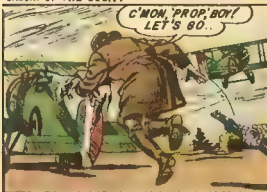
EVEN AS THE LAST FLICKER OF HOPE DIED, ART STUMBLED OUT OF THE WOODS AT THE FAR END OF THE RUNWAY, HIS FACE ETCHED WITH LINES OF FATIGUE...



THE FIRST GERMANS CAME INTO THE OPEN AND MIKE SPUN, SPRAYING THE CHATTERING LEWIS LIKE A GARDEN HOSE, POURED A DEADLY STREAM OF .303'S INTO THEIR RANKS...



FIRING THE GUN UNTIL THE HEATING BARREL SEARED THE PALMS OF HIS HANDS, MIKE HELD OFF THE ADVANCE GERMAN PATROL AS ED'S SPAD ROARED DOWN THE STRIP. THEN HE DROPPED THE GUN AND CAUGHT UP THE DOG...

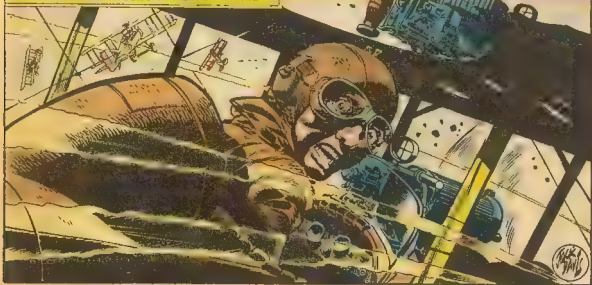


AND AS THE GERMANS POURED OUT ONTO THE DESERTED AIRDROME, THE MAN AND THE DOG ZOOMED SAFELY SKYWARD IN THEIR SHIP OF FABRIC AND WOOD... EACH READY TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY, IN HIS OWN WAY. FOR 'PROP', THE SQUADRON MASCOT, WAS A FRONT-LINE FIGHTER TOO! THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT!

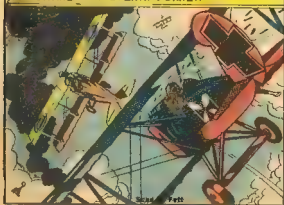


The NEW C.O.

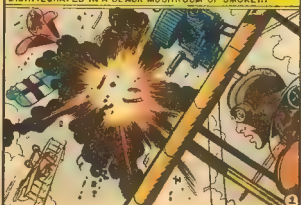
AT TWENTY-THREE, I WAS THE OLD MAN OF THE 210TH PURSUIT SQUADRON BECAUSE I WAS THE ONLY ONE OUT OF THE ORIGINAL OUTFIT THAT HAD SURVIVED. BUT ON THAT DAY... THE 12TH OF MAY, 1918... I THOUGHT MY NUMBER WAS UP. AT SEVEN A.M., THE BLACK, YELLOW-NOSED FOKKERS OF BARON FELIX VON KREUSLING'S "DEATH'S HEAD" JAGSTAFFEL ROARED THEIR CHALLENGE OVERHEARD. FIVE MINUTES LATER, THE AIR WAS TREMBLING WITH THE SCREAM OF STRUTS, THE SHRILL CHATTER OF MACHINE GUNS, AND THE SHATTERING ROAR OF COLLIDING FIGHTERS. IT WAS ALL OF THE HELL AND FURY OF WAR IN ONE LITTLE AREA OF THE SKY OVER FRANCE. I'D JUST CHALKED UP ANOTHER MALTESE CROSS FOR MY FUSELAGE COLLECTION AND I WAS FEELING PRETTY GOOD ABOUT IT, WHEN THE STEEL STARTED SHRIEKING AROUND MY EARS, RIPPING CHUNKS OUT OF MY SPAD. A BOCHE HAD GRABBED HOLD OF MY TAIL.



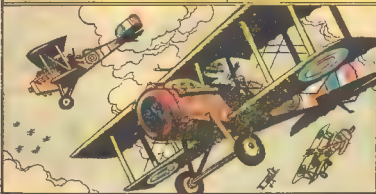
I THREW THE STICK FORWARD AND WENT INTO A PIQUE. THE LEAD STILL SANG AROUND ME. I CLIMBED SUDDENLY, THEN ROLLED. I LEVELED OFF. I PULLED EVERY TRICK I KNEW, BUT I COULD NOT SHAKE THAT STENAY FOKKER.



I SAID A QUICK PRAYER, AND JUST AS SUDDENLY, IT WAS QUICKLY ANSWERED... BY COL. MIKE PEPPER. HE CAME UP UNDER THE JERRY WITH HIS DEH-4, GAVE HIM ONE BIG BURST IN THE BELLY, AND THE FOKKER DISINTEGRATED IN A BLACK MUSHROOM OF SMOKE...



NO WONDER WE ALL WORSHIPPED MIKE. THERE WEREN'T ENOUGH SPADS AND HIEUPOINTS TO GO AROUND, SO HE JOCKEYED AN OLD DEH-4... A "FLAMING COFFIN". WELL, THE KRAUTS TOOK A BEATING THAT DAY, AND WE WERE GLAD TO SEE THEM FINALLY LIMP AWAY.



LATER, WHEN WE'D LANDED AND TROOPED WEARILY INTO THE CANTEEN.

WHO AIN'T DRINKIN' TODAY, COLONEL?

FIVE, ANDY! WHEELER, JOHNSON... GIBBONS... ROSS... AND HADLY.



OUR C.O. CARRIED THE FIVE BEER MUGS TO THE FIREPLACE AND PUT THEM ON THE MANTLE WITH A WHOLE LINEUP OF OTHER MUGS THAT WOULD NEVER BE DRUNK FROM AGAIN.



... AND WE ALL BOWED OUR HEADS IN SILENT PRAYER. WE THOUGHT OF THOSE GREAT GUYS THAT WOULD NEVER COME BACK. WE THOUGHT OF THE JERRY PILOTS, PUTTING BEER MUGS ON THEIR MANTLE, TOO. IT WAS KIND OF CRAZY. WE WERE AT WAR WITH THEM... AND YET WE DIDN'T HATE THEM...



I WENT OVER TO THE C.O. BUT HE TURNED AWAY AS I TRIED TO THANK HIM...

THERE'D'VE BEEN ANOTHER MUG FOR THE MANTLE, MIKE... IF YOU HADN'T.

C'MON, BOYS! LET'S DRINK UP!



MIKE DIDN'T WANT ME TO THANK HIM FOR SAVING MY LIFE. INSTEAD, WE SAT AND TALKED ABOUT THE ENEMY OVER OUR BEERS...

IT'S A CRAZY WAR, MIKE. IT DOESN'T SEEM REAL! EVERY DAY, WE GO UP AND TAKE ON A BUNCH OF GUYS LIKE OURSELVES... GUYS WE ADMIRE FOR THEIR FLYING ABILITY, THEIR BRAVERY

AND YET, WE KILL THEM... OR GET KILLED BY THEM!



THEY'RE OUR ENEMY, MIKE. WE SHOULD HATE THEM! INSTEAD, WE RESPECT THEM... ALMOST LIKE THEM...

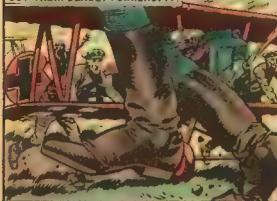
I KNOW, LARRY! IT'S LIKE IN OLDEN DAYS, AND WE'RE TEUTONIC KNIGHTS. ONLY WE FIGHT WITH PLANES IN THE SKY INSTEAD LANCES ON A TOURNAMENT FIELD! THE CHIVALRY, THE BALLANTRY. IT'S ALL THERE



YES, THAT'S HOW IT WAS. EVERY DAY, WE GALLANTLY FOUGHT A GALLANT ENEMY... WITHOUT REALLY HATING HIM! WE COULDN'T EVEN HATE THE JERRIES A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER, WHEN IT HAPPENED. THE CO., COL. MIKE PEPPER, HAD LED EIGHTEEN OF US OVER JAGSTAFFEL II'S AIRDROME. WE'D DROPPED LOW OVER THE FIELD, BUZZING VON KREUSLING'S H.Q., "THROWING DOWN THE GAUNTLET"...



THEN WE'D CIRCLED AROUND UPSTAIRS, WATCHING WITH POUNDING HEARTS AS THE BOCHE PILOTS POURED ONTO THE FIELD AND GREASEMONKEYS WHEELED OUT THEIR DEADLY FOKKERS...



THEN THEY CAME UP. WE PULLED INTO A TIGHT FORMATION, WAITING. THEY CLIMBED ABOVE US AND JUST VANISHED. WE SEARCHED THE SKY OVERHEAD. WE COULDN'T FIND THEM. BUT WE KNEW THEY WERE STILL AROUND, WHEN THE SPANDAU SLUGS STARTED RAINING DOWN AT US, THE KRAUTS WERE DIVING AT US... OUT OF THE SUN, AND WE COULDN'T SEE THEM...



THEY CAME DOWN LIKE A FLOCK OF BLACK HAWKS, THE BARON HIMSELF IN THE LEAD PLANE. HE WAS ALMOST ON TOP OF MIKE'S DEH-4 WHEN I SAW HIM...



MIKE! MIKE!
LOOK OUT!

MY WARNING CRY WAS FUTILE! I SAW THE WHITE-HOT SPURTS FROM VON KREUSLING'S GUNS BEFORE HE PULLED OUT AND ZOOMED UP. I SAW MIKE'S SHIP SHUDDER AND THE FIRE EXPLODE ALL AROUND HIM...



MY GOD, MIKE...
GASP...NOT
YOU!

COMPLETELY ENVELOPED IN FLAMES, MIKE'S DEH-4 WENT INTO A SCREAMING SPIN AND I FOLLOWED THE "FLAMING COFFIN" DOWN UNTIL IT CRASHED BEHIND OUR LINES...



WE WERE TOO NUMBED WITH *GRIEF* TO FIGHT. THE JERRIES LET US ALONE AS WE CIRCLED AND HEADED BACK. THEY WERE *LETTING US GO TO BURY* WHAT WAS *LEFT OF MIKE*. THEY'D *KNOWN* WHO'D BEEN AT THE CONTROLS OF THAT *DEH-4*...



AN HOUR LATER, WE'D HUNG HIS CHARRED GOGGLES AND HELMET ON THE PROP-CROSS THAT MARKED HIS GRAVE.



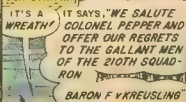
...AND LATER, MIKE'S BEER MUG STOOD ON THE MANTLE WITH THE OTHERS...



WE WERE MOPING AROUND THE CANTEEN THAT NIGHT WHEN A LONE FOKKER BUZZED OUR AIRDROME. THE SEARCHLIGHTS BLINKED ON, KNIFING INTO THE BLACK...



IT SPIRALED DOWN, LANDING ON OUR STRIP...



I LOOKED UP AT THE SKY WHERE THE GERMAN FOKKER HAD DISAPPEARED.



BEING NEXT IN COMMAND, I FLEW TO PARIS EARLY THE NEXT MORNING AND REPORTED TO A.E.F. H.Q...

THE LOSS OF COLONEL PEPPER IS *UNFORTUNATE*, CAPTAIN CLARK... BUT THE *WAR GOES ON*. I HAVE A *NEW C.O.* IN MIND FOR YOUR SQUADRON. I WILL ISSUE HIS ORDERS IMMEDIATELY. HIS NAME IS *MAJOR FRANK WORTH*...



WHEN I BROUGHT THE NEWS ABOUT OUR NEW C.O. BACK TO THE 210TH, THE BOYS MUTTERED AND COMPLAINED.



THE MEN LINED UP SULENNLY ON THE LANDING STRIP TWO DAYS LATER AS MAJOR FRANK WORTH'S BRIGHT SHINY NEW SPAD LANDED. I SALUTED HIM SHARPLY... THEN SMILED AND EXTENDED MY HAND...

CAPTAIN LARRY CLARK, SIR! WELCOME TO THE 210TH.

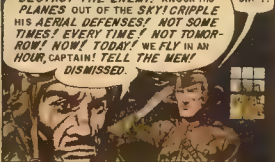
NEVER MIND THE SOCIALITIES, CAPTAIN! LEAD ME TO MY QUARTERS...



WORTH'S ABRUPT MANNER ROCKED ME BACK ON MY HEELS, BUT I DID AS I WAS ORDERED. LATER, HE FACED ME ACROSS HIS DESK... HIS EYES COLD AND HARD... HIS VOICE, RASPING LIKE A FILE, ITS DELIVERY STACCATO, LIKE A MACHINE GUN...

I HAVE ONE JOB HERE, CAPTAIN! DESTROY THE ENEMY! KNOCK HIS PLANES OUT OF THE SKY! CRIPPLE HIS AERIAL DEFENSES! NOT SOME TIMES! EVERY TIME! NOT TOMORROW! NOW! TODAY! WE FLY IN AN HOUR, CAPTAIN! TELL THE MEN! DISMISSED.

Y-YES SIR...



I WENT BACK TO THE BOYS. I TOLD THEM...

THE PARTY'S OVER, GENTLEMEN. MAJOR WORTH IS STRICTLY BUSINESS... WAR BUSINESS! WE'RE GOING AFTER VON KREUSLING IN AN HOUR! AND THE WAY I FIGURE THE MAJOR, THINGS ARE GOING TO BE DIFFERENT FROM NOW ON!



AND THINGS WERE DIFFERENT... VERY DIFFERENT BEFORE OUR NEW C.O. TOOK OFF, HE ORDERED US TO FOLLOW HIS LEAD. WE OBEYED. WITH A SICK, GUILTY FEELING IN THE PIT OF OUR STOMACHS, WE FOLLOWED HIM TO JAGSTAFFEL II... INTO A SCREAMING DIVE FIVE OF THE BARON'S FOKKERS SAT ON THE FIELD... LIKE BLACK SITTING DUCKS. WORTH WENT IN, HIS VICKERS BLAZING...



WE FOLLOWED, DISGUSTEDLY. WE STRAFED THE GERMAN AIRDROME LEAVING A FLAMING WRECKAGE BEHIND US. THEN WE SCRAMMED OUT BEFORE THE JERRIES COULD GET INTO THE AIR...



BACK AT THE 210TH AIRDROME, THE MAJOR GATHERED US TOGETHER FOR ANGRY, BARKING LECTURE...

WE CAN COUNT ON THE ENEMY TO RETALIATE! BE READY FOR HIM! BE IN THE AIR BEFORE HE CAN REACH US! REMEMBER, WE'RE NOT PUTTING ON AN AERIAL BALLET UP THERE! THIS IS WAR! YOU'RE HERE TO DO A JOB! DO IT! KILL BOCHE! KILL 'EM!



WE TRIED TO BE FRIENDLY WITH MAJOR WORTH. WE TRIED TO UNDERSTAND HIM. BUT, IT WAS NO GO! HE DRANK HIS BEER ALONE. HE SAT IN STONY SILENCE... AN ICEBERG... UNTIL RAFFERTY POKED HIS HEAD IN THE CANTEN DOOR...

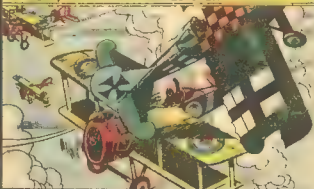
HERE THEY COME! THE KRAUTS GET TO YOUR PLANES... ON THE DOUBLE.



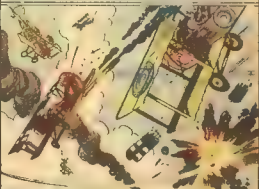
WE WERE UPSTAIRS IN NO TIME FLAT! WE MET THE JERRIES HEAD ON! THEY WERE MAD ABOUT US BLOWING UP THEIR FOKKERS ON THE GROUND! I COULD TELL BY THE WAY THEY CAME AT US STRAIGHT... UNSWERVING... DETERMINED...



TALK ABOUT ICE-WATER IN A MAN'S VEINS! MAJOR WORTH CALLED THE JERRIES' BLUFF! HE LED US DEAD AT THEM... HIS GUNS STUTTERING AWAY! AT THE LAST MOMENT, THE FOKKERS ZOOMED CLEAR...



THE MAJOR DID A RENVERSEMENT THROWING HIMSELF ONTO THE TAIL OF A FOKKER. WE WERE ON OUR OWN, NOW. WE PEELED OFF AND PICKED OUR CUSTOMERS. THE BATTLE WAS ON...



THERE WAS A DEADLINESS OF PURPOSE IN OUR NEW C.O.'S FLYING... AND ECONOMY. WITH A SHORT ACCURATE BURST, HE BROUGHT DOWN HIS FOKKER, THEN VIRAGED, CATCHING ANOTHER BROADSIDE...



I JUST SAT THERE, SHUDDERING AT HIS BUSINESS-LIKE EFFICIENCY. HIS SECOND FOKKER WENT UP IN A CLOUD OF BLACK SMOKE AND HE ROLLED TOWARD ANOTHER. I COULD SEE THAT MAJOR WORTH REALLY HATED THE GERMANS.



MAJOR WORTH WAS ALL OVER THE SKY THAT AFTERNOON, TAKING HIS KILLS IN ANY WAY HE COULD. WHEN THE BOCHE FINALLY TURNED AND RAN, WE'D BAGGED TEN OUT OF THE NINETEEN THAT'D COME OVER. THE NEW C.O. HAD GOTTEN FOUR OF THEM HIMSELF.



BACK AT THE AIRDROME THAT EVENING, WE STOOD IN SILENCE AT THE CANTEN BAR, FEELING GUILTY AND SOMEHOW DIRTY. WE'D FLOWN ON KILLING MISSIONS! WE'D INFLICTED DEATH...WANTONLY! THE GALLANTRY...THE CHIVALRY WAS GONE! WHEN MAJOR WORTH CAME IN, WE TURNED OUR BACKS ON HIM...

WELL, THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!
A GOOD DAY'S...WORK...MEN...



WE IGNORED OUR C.O., NOT ANSWERING HIM. HE BARKED "ATTENTION!" AND WE FACED HIM AND SAW THAT HE WAS FLUSHED, HIS EYES BURNING WITH ANGER...

YOU MEN DON'T LIKE ME! YOU DON'T LIKE MY WAY OF FIGHTING! WELL, WHAT YOU THINK OF ME DOESN'T MATTER! WHAT YOU THINK OF THE WAR AND OUR ENEMY DOES!



YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING A GAME HERE! YOU AND THE BOOGE HAVE SOME STUPID SET OF RULES AND YOU BOTH LIVE AND DIE BY THEM! WELL, THERE'S ANOTHER WAR GOING ON...WITH NO RULES...EXCEPT KILL OR BE KILLED! IT'S THE WAR IN THE TRENCHES...A WAR OF BLOOD AND BAYONETS AND SHRAPNEL AND MUD AND Lice AND FILTH



I HATE THAT WAR AND I HATE THE ENEMY THAT FIGHTS IT. YOUR GALLANT BARON VON KREUSLING AND HIS MEN...YOU MEET THEM ONCE...TWICE...MAYBE THREE TIMES A WEEK! BUT DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE AND HIS CIRCUIS ARE DOING THE REST OF THE TIME?

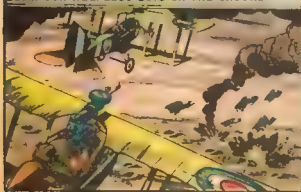
WE...WE NEVER GAVE IT MUCH THOUGHT, SIR!



THE MAJOR SNORTED, TURNED ON HIS HEELS, AND LEFT BUT THE NEXT MORNING, AT DAYBREAK, HE HAD THE ENTIRE 210TH IN THE AIR. HE LED US SOUTHWEST LOW OVER THE FRONT OVER CHATEAU THIERRY...AND THE MARNE...OVER MEN AND TANKS AND TRUCKS PUSHING EAST...



AND THEN THE MAJOR WOBBLER HIS SPAD'S WINGS AND WE LOOKED AHEAD AND SAW A DOZEN BLACK FOKKERS WITH YELLOW NOSES. WE SAW THE 'CHIVALROUS' BARON FELIX VON KRUESLING AND HIS SQUADRON...STRAFING TROOPS KILLING. MAIMING MOWING DOWN OUR HELPLESS BOYS ON THE GROUND



AND WHEN OUR C.O. WADED INTO THOSE JERRIES, WE FOLLOWED. WE DIDN'T THINK OF GALLANTRY, THEN OR CHIVALRY. ONLY KILLING NOW, WE UNDERSTOOD THE MAJOR. THE GAME WAS OVER FOR THE 210TH. WE WERE AT WAR...AND WE'D BEGUN TO KNOW HATE! FOR THAT'S HOW YOU FIGHT A WAR...HATING!



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ALL-DIFFERENT

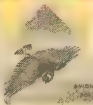
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ROY ROGERS' BINOCULARS



GABBY HAYES FISHING KIT



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GIRLS' SHOULDER STRAP BAG



SPORTS EQUIPMENT



ROLLER SKATES



JET ENGINE PLANE FLIES 500 FEET!



TYPEWRITER



WHITE ZIPPER BAG



UKULELE WITH ARTHUR GODFREY PLATER



RADIO RECEIVING SET FOR SCOUTS



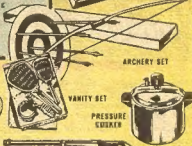
SEWING MACHINE



TWO-GUN HOLSTER SET



TABLE TENNIS SET



VANITY SET

PRESSURE COOKER



RED RYDER CARBINE



WOODBURNING SET



CHEMISTRY SET



WALKING DOLL



HUNTING KNIFE AND AX



TEXAN JR. GUITAR

WRIST WATCHES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



ARCHERY SET

MEN-WOMEN-BOYS-GIRLS

PRIZES GIVEN MAKE MONEY TOO!

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page . . . or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, U-Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, scout equipment, model airplanes, movie machines, record players, and many others . . . all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. You don't risk or invest a cent—we send you everything you need ON TRUST. Here's how easy it is: Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or even more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35¢ . . . sell on sight. You can secure big, cash commissions or many exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Mottoes. Write today for Big Price catalog sent to you FREE!

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FREE!

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The FUNman, Dept. P-161, 5724 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Ill. **FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG**

Please rush to me on credit 24 Religious Wall Mottoes, to sell at 50¢ each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount required as explained under description of prize in BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 36 days and select the prize I want or keep a cash commission as explained.

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TOWN _____ Zone _____ STATE _____

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Tell Me What You Want Money For ... I'LL HELP YOU GET ALL YOU NEED!

**EASY TO EARN \$50 TO \$150 AND
MORE IN JUST YOUR SPARE TIME!**

What do YOU want that money will buy? Whether it's new clothes, sporting equipment, household appliances, or anything else ... just check the coupon. I'll show you how you can earn all the money you need, quickly and easily, taking orders for STUART Greeting Cards! And I'll send you everything you need to start earning right away.

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See for yourself how easy it is to get the money for anything you want. Check the coupon and mail it now. I'll send you a complete kit of samples including fast-selling assortments on FREE TRIAL and full facts on how to reach your goal fast. Don't delay. Act TODAY!

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☐ New Clothes
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☐

Please rush full facts on how to make the money, and sample kit of assortments ON FREE TRIAL.

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"Am transmitter-studio operator at KPAT. Most important day of my life was when I enrolled with NRI."—Elmer Frewaldt, Madison, S. Dakota.



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JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can change new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up

ARE YOU

Shiny, Weak and Run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Lacking in confidence?
Constipated?
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